A

LETTER

FROM

SCOTLAND.

GIVING A

True Relation of the unhappy Loss

OF THE

Glouceſter-Frigot,

Whereof Sir *John Berry* was Commander.

With a particular Account of the Perſons of Quality drowned therein, and the miraculous Eſcape of His Royal Higneſs the Duke of *York*.

SIR,

I Shall give you an Account from hence, as I received it from a faithful Hand, of the loſs of the *Glouceſter* Frigot, which was thus:

Sir *John Berry* Commander of the *Glouceſter* Frigot, having received on Board the ſaid Ship His Royal Highneſs in *Margaret* Road, in order to his Voyage for *Scotland*, ſet Sail from thence with a fair Wind, the Weather continuing very Fair, attended by the *Ruby*, *Happy Return*, the *Dartmouth*, and *Pearl* Frigots, with ſeveral Yatches, and ſeveral Perſons of great Quality, both of *England* and *Scotland*, attending His Royal Highneſs on the Seventh Inſtant: At Night they came about 16 Leagues off the Mouth of the *Humber*, about which place lies a Sand called the *Lemon-Oar*, and whether by the unskilfulneſs, or wretched neglect of the Pilot, God knows, the aforeſaid Ship in which His Royal Highneſs was, and many other Perſons of Quality, run on Ground upon the ſaid Sands, about Ten of the Clock at Night; but it pleaſing God that the Weather proving Fair and not Stormy, that the Ship did not preſently Burſt, nor did not immediately Sink, but lay ſome hours e're She Sank; ſo that the Duke, and ſome others, as many as the Long-Boat could hold, had time to eſcape the Danger

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and ventur'd to Sea, and got safe aboard on one of the Yatches, but for the rest remaining on board, the Ship foundring before any Boats could come to their Assistance, all perished, among whom was the Lord *Roxborow*, the Lord *O Bryan*, the Lord *Hollis*, Lord *Hume*, Lord *Dowglass*, Sir *Christopher Musgrave*, Sir *James Hyde*, Mr. *Clifton*, and an *English* Lady, whose name we cannot as yet learn; all the Dukes Cooks but one, all his Footmen, and all the rest of his Servants, Sir *Charles Scarborow* was miraculously saved (as we suppose) on some piece of the Ship. The Captain, Sir *John Berry*, was also lost with his Brother, Captain *Berry*, and several others who accompanied him: There was in all to the number of three hundred and three Persons, and odd, of which but sixty were saved. The Duke is since safely here to the Joy of his Dutchess, and others who have been to Congratulate his Escape from so great Danger: His Royal Highness is very sensible, and extreamly troubled at the loss of so many Noble Persons, and others, and of so gallant a Ship. The Pilot is secured in *Edinborow*. This is all at present, our late Insurrection being fully quieted. I am &c.

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